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No. 157.

A "FISH STORY."

Put into rhyme.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A village grocer, in days of yore,
Hung out a goody cod beside his door,
And wrote beneath this sample of his stock,
"Codfish for sale here, cheap for cash," with chalk.
"For cash!" a rustic cried. "Faith! none so green
To look for credit at thy store, I ween!
The prudent grocer knowing wagged his head,
And to his boy, "Run out 'for cash,'" he said.
Another, passing, muttered with a sneer,
"Not 'cheaper' than thy neighbor Tomkins, near,
To use such chaff for bait is cunning deep!"
The grocer cried: "Hallo! Sam, rub out 'cheap.'
"Where, if not 'here?'" a clown asked, with a grin.
True to his word the grocer, thoughtful, scratched his chin;
No fool would advertise what's sold across
The way. Sam, rub out 'here'—and no great loss."
Another roared with mirth, "Hal! ha! 'for sale'!
You'll ne'er be hanged for giving, I'll go bail!"
Rub out 'for sale,' Sam; there's no need to say
Such cods as them ain't picked up without pay."
A fifth wag held his nose. "Codfish!" quoth he,
What body could n't tell what these things be?
Our's case won't be the worse, give it out about—
"Hallo there, Sam,—be spry!—rub 'codfish' out."
Now on the deepest hangs the codfish stark;
Nor from the passer-by calls forth remark;
All undisturbed, the grocer steals a nap,
While Sam sits, whittling, in Contentment's lap.

The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT,
AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOUBTFUL VISITATION.

The late moon had not risen, and the darkness was intense, when the three drew up in front of the house. It was the design of Querados to capture the physician and carry him off as quietly as possible.

Once his prisoner, he could intimidate him so completely as to compel him to discover the hiding-place of his gold. It was customary at that period for temporary residents, who could not gain a livelihood from the soil, to conceal their money and use it as they needed.

The man placed his two assistants on different sides of the house to watch, and went himself to reconnoiter. All was silent; but a light was burning in the library. A single wrench of a steel instrument loosened the window, which the outlaw raised as softly as possible, though not without noise enough to startle the late student.

As the doctor sprung to his feet to confront the intruder, the latter gave a low whistle that instantly brought his confederates to his aid. At the same instant he leaped in at the window, seized Dr. Merle in his arms, and endeavored to force him out.

The surprised prisoner gave a scream, but his voice was instantly muffled by the cloak thrown over his head. Then, with the assistance of the two men, Querudos got him out of the window, overturning the light in the confusion.

Dragging his captive out of the gate, he managed to gag and bind him, with the help of the others, and flung him across the front of his saddle. Then, leaping on the horse's back, he gave the animal a savage blow with his whip, and the three galloped away.

The abduction had not been accomplished without noise enough to awaken the old housekeeper, Margaret. She started up and ran to the window, just in time to catch a glimpse of the shadowy figures of the men as they sprang on horseback. Then she heard the quick tramp of their horses' feet.

It was a minute's work to strike a light, and she went down-stairs. A glance at the library was enough to show her what had happened.

She went quietly into an outhouse used as a bedroom by the doctor's assistant. He was sleeping heavily on a trundle-bed, pulled in front of the expiring embers in the fireplace.

"Wake, Ulric!" the woman hissed in his ear.

She pushed him, and he started up, fully awake in a second. He was dressed, except the coat he had flung off.

"Some robbers have broken into the house, and carried off the master!" the woman whispered, hurriedly—her face pale with terror.

"What? Robbers!" exclaimed Ulric.

"Hush! You must not awake Helen. She must know nothing of it. Put on your coat this moment—and go out."

"Which way did they go?"

"How can I tell? You must find out, and go after them; and if you can not overtake them, you must give the alarm in the rancheria—and send soldiers out from the fort."

She followed the assistant to the door.

"Quick—you can ride quickly! Here is the key of the stable!" She took it from the nail to give him.

As Ulric went out, she closed and fastened the door. Then she returned to the library, picked up the overturned things, shut the window, and went softly up-stairs.

Setting down the lamp in her own room, she passed noiselessly into that of the sleeping maidens. Helen was slumbering sweetly; her golden hair straying over her flushed cheek, and one of her soft, round arms thrown over her head.

"She has not been disturbed—poor lamb!" breathed the nurse, and with a sigh of tenderness, she retired to her own bed.

Ulric went into the stable, his dark face distorted by a grin of satisfaction.

"The woman has got him!" he muttered, to himself. "I thought she would pay him for the trick he played on her! Let her keep him; I shall not meddle with her again! It is time for me to put my own schemes in practice!"

He climbed into the hay-loft, and threw himself upon the soft bed, having first locked the door.

"Take care of your mistress, good Margaret,"



He touched his knife significantly, conveying a threat he thought would be effectual in unlocking her lips.

he muttered, with another laugh. "I will have his assailants, and lay in a condition requiring her aid.

Ulric left the house before daybreak on horseback, and was absent several hours. It was long past noon when he returned.

He bore a note, hurriedly scrawled in pencil, and signed with Dr. Merle's name, addressed to his daughter. He had been carried off—it said by robbers; but had been as strangely rescued by friendly hands; he would give her all the particulars when they met. He sent Ulric to bring her to him, with his papers and a chest which he could not leave to become the prey of marauders. Margaret was to stay in the house and see that it was not molested. The ruffians would not trouble her when once satisfied that they could gain no booty.

Helen declared her readiness to go to her father; but that she would not go without Margaret. She clung to her old nurse, she entreated that they might not be parted.

The good old woman was deeply affected by her emotion; but she saw many reasons why it was better for herself to remain, at least till Ulric's return. The laboratory was full of chemical instruments, and vials of costly medicine; the books, if destroyed, could not be replaced. She would guard these, she said, by keeping the house well fastened; she would meet any intruders; she would show them that neither plate nor money remained to tempt their cupidity.

In a few days she would follow her pet—her darling—and stay with her till they could all return home, or leave this dangerous country. Why could not Ulric tell where he had left the master?

Because he had been sworn to silence—the half-breed replied. The farmer who had given the doctor shelter had no wish to be subjected to the descent of Mexican bandits, such as were reported to have come down from their fastness in the mountains, to rob every house where gold was supposed to have been concealed. No doubt some of those ruffians had knowledge of the probability that Dr. Merle owned some amount of treasure, and had captured him to compel him, if possible, to reveal its hiding-place.

Margaret demanded what they wanted in a voice that trembled in spite of herself.

"The money" was the prompt reply. The men belonged to the robber-band of Querudos, and disappointed at the failure of their chief to force him to speak.

Helen refused to be convinced or persuaded to leave her beloved nurse. No argument had the slightest effect on her till Ulric told her that her father had been wounded in the scuffle with

secure the doctor's gold, they had come for it.

"Where is the master?" asked the woman. With impatient oaths the intruders bade her be silent, and lose no time in showing them where the treasure of her master was hid.

"I think—I am sure—" she answered, "that there is no money about the house."

The men burst out laughing. "Dr. Merle—the man who transmuted metals! Why, he could make every thing he touched turn to gold!" they exclaimed. "He had piles of it somewhere, and they would find it" with a volley of oaths. "The old woman would not be harmed if she would act on the square; but if she dared try a trick—" The man who spoke touched his knife significantly, conveying a threat he thought would be effectual in unlocking her lips.

The housekeeper replied that she had never meddled with her master's business, nor inquired where he kept his gold. If it was in the house, they would find it. She was ready to show them the rooms. They followed her in haste. They rummaged the library, overturned the books, and pried open the cabinet and several drawers. Nothing but "rubbish" rewards their search. The same in the parlor, bedrooms and kitchen. The horrible profanity with which they vented their disappointment, shocked the listener, but she was compelled to hear their bidding.

Presently they ordered her to set out some refreshments.

Margaret placed bread and cold meat on the table, with a decanter containing some brandy.

The ruffians drank this eagerly, and called for more liquor.

Margaret said she would fetch some more from the cellar.

The cellar! They had not thought of that hiding-place! What more likely than that the money was buried there? They followed her eagerly, and searched through the entire under-part of the house, which was spacious and walled in securely.

"What's this?" demanded one, tapping a cask in one corner, and shoving it out with his foot. It was too light to contain gold.

"That is gunpowder," replied the old woman, calmly.

They had found the liquor first, and had satisfied their greed of it by repeated draughts.

The effect was obvious. Neither one of the robbers was sober. But they were no less determined to find the gold; and their threats in case of failure became appalling.

Both declared that they would leave a candle sticking in the gunpowder to blow up the house and the woman with it. They had wrenched off the top of the cask, and thrust in the end of an unlighted candle.

Margaret gave up all hope of saving her master's home. She thought now only of her own escape. Watching her opportunity, she moved stealthily to the door, ready to run up the steps leading outside. She had undrawn the bolts, and thrown back the door of the outside entrance, when she felt her gown seized, and a rough clutch laid on her arm.

It was one of the robbers, and he dragged her down the steps, cursing her vehemently in his drunken rage.

The other gave a cry of surprise; he had discovered the hole from which Ulric had disengaged the black box!

The earth freshly dug up; the vacant space

all told the story.

The money-box had been removed.

Who had done it, and where was it taken?

Margaret was unable to tell. She had never known where her master kept his treasure; she had never cared to know. She could not answer by giving any information.

To their questions as to who had left the house since the preceding night, she would give no reply. She was determined not to inform them of Ulric and Helen's journey. If she did they might pursue and overtake them.

It was plain to the robbers that some one had taken the spoil away. But who? Querudos and Pedro, with the Indian lad, had brought nothing to headquarters; and the chief had given them leave to fetch away what they could find. His prisoner was safe enough.

Who had discovered their intention and foretold them? It must be some one in the doctor's interest.

Neither persuasions nor menaces could induce Margaret to give information.

After a fruitless search, the robbers decided to go away, as their prize had been carried off.

But, the woman's obstinacy should be punished. One of them seized and held her, while the other tied her hands and feet with pieces of rope lying on the ground. Then they dragged her into a remote corner of the cellar, and seated her so that she could lean against the damp wall, all the time heaping abuse on her for the refusal to answer their questions.

She did not ask mercy from her half-drunk foes. She closed her lips firmly, and prayed earnestly in her heart that the sacrifice of her life might not be in vain, but that the girl she loved with a mother's tenderness might be shielded from misfortune.

"Give me a chance!" cried one of her brutal enemies. "The gunpowder is far enough off to blow the roof off without shattering this side of the building, and she may see daylight without stirring."

"One more," said his companion, "I offer you life and liberty, if you will tell us who carried off the money, and where to find it."

"I will not," she answered. "You can murder me, but you will lose what you came for."

"Then away with us—Joe!" he cried with a string of fierce oaths. "I will open the door; do you light the candle, and we will make a run for it."

He took up the lantern, crept up the stone steps, and threw open the door, which opened into the little garden. A rush of cold air swept over them all as the door swung open.

"Come quick—Joe—don't you be caught" he called from outside. The other lighted the candle inserted in the cask of powder.

"Say your prayers, good wench!" he called to Margaret, laughing as he went up the steps, and adding more oaths.

She heard him throw the door to, and draw the bar across it outside. The distant sound of their jeering laughter came to her ears.

A prisoner—with a frightful death in immediate prospect! Margaret felt the vitality of her frame return in force to resist the fate to which she was doomed. She struggled against her bonds; she strove to gnaw the rope that tied her wrists; in vain! The cruel cords cut into her flesh, but she could not move them, nor could she slip her feet from the manacles.

Suddenly a bright thought occurred to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

LED INTO THE TOILS.

DARKNESS overtook Helen, riding under the guidance of Ulric, before they had gone half the way—as he said—to the place of destination. They had left the plain behind them, crossed a ferry, and entered a wooded country, where they met occasionally half-breeds and Indians, and one or two white horsemen wearing high-crowned hats, with the usual black glazed covering trimmed with gold band and bell buttons, and the hunting-shirt fastened at the waist with blue or red sash, commonly inclosing a brace of pistols.

As the dusk closed in, they reached an elevated ridge, from which Helen could see a clear river in the distance curving at the base of precipitous hills.

Mountains, far beyond, rose in piles, one above another, each summits more blue and misty as it receded. At the left, long spaces of white sand bordered extensive marshes.

At any other time Helen's artistic taste would have been delighted with the beauty of the landscape picture. But she was nervous and frightened. Learning from her attendant that they would have to cross the river, and that hours must pass before they could reach the place they were bound for, she asked if they could nowhere obtain shelter till the moon rose, or till daybreak.

Ulric answered that he knew of a small ranch, or rather a farm-house, near the water, where the herdsmen stopped for meals, and where she could no doubt obtain accommodation for the night.

"Let us go there!" entreated the girl. "I

am very tired, and afraid of losing our way in the darkness."

"And I am hungry," added the half-breed. "Come, then!" He lightly touched Helen's horse with his whip, and they rode on at a brisk pace. They found the rustic cabin in the midst of a clump of live-oaks.

An old man was busy splitting wood. Helen addressed him, and asked if she could stop at his house for the night.

He called to an elderly woman who had just carried a pail of milk into the hut. She came out, dressed in a short gown of dark stuff and an apron of brown linen. Astonishment at the sight of the young lady and her odd-looking attendant seemed at first to overpower her. But she soon found her tongue, and poured out a torrent of questions.

Helen told her story, and the good woman's sympathies were immediately enlisted. Certainly, she could stay all night. She assisted the young girl to dismount, carried her parcel into the hut, placed her in a willow chair, and replenished the fire, while Ulric and the old man took care of the horses. The dame then removed Helen's wrappings and bonnet, and laid them on a bed in the corner, which she said, was to be her sleeping-place. She and the old man occupied a bed on the opposite side.

Helen's scruples about taking a bed in the same room with the pair were at an end, when the good dame produced a piece of chintz from a large chest, and extemporized a curtain across the corner where stood the hospitable couch.

Talking the while, she set about preparations for supper, and in less than an hour a capital meal was set out on the rude table. Smoked buffalo-tongue and broiled venison steak, hot corn-eake, biscuits and coffee, sent forth a delicious, and appetizing odor. They all sat down together; and Helen felt cheerful again as she ate of the good things heaped on her plate.

Some time after supper, the dame bade her husband and the stranger "turn their faces to the wall," to enable the young lady to prepare for bed. They took the hint, and went out to look after the horses.

Helen scarcely imagined she could have felt so pleasant a sense of security in a strange place. She lay long awake, thinking of her dear father and the strange romance of her own life he had disclosed to her. She had no wish to find the real father who had deserted her beloved mother. Her affections clung to the kind friend who had taken care of and educated her. Would she find him better on the morrow? She sent up an earnest prayer for his safety and their speedy reunion, and then fatigue overpowered her senses.

Ulric had a bed in the loft, to which he ascended by a narrow ladder, lighted by a tallow candle. He set it upon a chest, and seated himself on the hard straw pallet. There was a large bit of broken looking-glass fastened in a crevice of the logs, and it reflected the unprepossessing face of the doctor's assistant.

He started as he first caught the reflection of a visage begrimed with dust; scarcely familiar enough with his own features to see that it was not some lurking savage peering at him. Then he burst into a low laugh, and looked more closely into the glass, pushing back his bushy hair with his fingers.

"A pretty phiz," he muttered, "for the part I am to play to-morrow." Again he laughed, chuckling to himself.

"What a surprise she will have!" he went on, speaking to himself. "Old Margaret might have guessed what I was about, if she had been clever, but the girl could have no suspicion. And now my time has come!"

"She is not the old fellow's daughter; that I found out two months ago; and she has a rich father! Dead or alive, I'll root him up! He shall know where his girl is; but she shall be provided with a good husband before he finds her!"

The money in the chemist's box will set us up in housekeeping; but I look to the rich father-in-law for heaps more! Ulric, my boy, you were certainly born under a lucky star."

He rubbed his legs with his big brown hands.

"Will the old fellow track us?" he thought. "Hardly; for he was carried off by the robbers in league with the pretty woman who has a sick husband. I know something about her, her too! Ulric has his eyes and ears open; and good sight and hearing are worth a fortune in this country! I'll warrant we shan't keep old Merle safely housed till she can get away with her bandits; for I hear him threaten her. And as to Margaret—why, the robbers will take care of her. They'll be furious when they find the money gone; and if they cut the woman's throat, so much the better!"

Hearing a movement below, the plotter extinguished his light. Sleep came like a thief in the very moment to which she had looked forward with such hope and anxiety.

Ulric spoke cheerfully, and assured her that her troubles would soon be at end. He poured out some wine, and entreated her to take refreshment. She would need all her strength before long.

He left the lodge, and the poor girl, exhausted with fatigue and weeping, felt that she ought to make an effort to keep up her spirits. After eating, she tried to sleep, resolutely shutting out of her mind every thought tending to make her nervous. In a few hours, she trusted, all would be well.

She had slept some time, when she started from a terrifying dream, and screaming for Margaret. She could not remember where she was.

It was quite dark, and she heard the dismal soughing of the wind outside the cabin. Steps were approaching, as she knew by the crushing sound made on the dry leaves.

She sprang to her feet and listened intently. Then she heard the voice of Ulric, and saw the gleam of a lantern carried in his hand.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "You had better put on your cloak; you will find it cold. Come."

Hastily throwing on her wrappings, Helen left the cabin and followed her attendant into the forest.

The rider had taken this coil in his right hand, as he approached the *caballada* or herd of broken horses. As they started to fly, he bore swiftly down on them, swung the lasso till the coil opened, and flung it dexterously round the neck of one of the young and wilder animals. The victim reared, pulled, straightened the cords, but resistance was vain; with a bound he fell helpless. The *cuadra* had caught him at the midst of a clump of live-oaks.

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The shadows were lengthened, when Ulric suddenly drew rein before a mud cabin on the bank of a small stream, soaking rather than running under some luxuriant bushes.

A man was seated on a log before the wretched, squalid shanty: a rheumatic old man; evidently palsied by the use of rum. His mouth was open, except when it closed on a pipe he was shifting every minute; and red protuberances appeared on each cheekbone. Ulric spoke to him, but he shook his head and lifted one hand to his ear. Then Ulric made signs to him, and he nodded.

"It is only a little further," the half-breed said, encouragingly, to his mistress; and with a glad response of, "I shall soon see dear papa," Helen urged her horse forward.

Helen had no idea she had so far to go. She began to be distrustful of her guide. He seemed to assume authority over her, and would give no satisfactory answers to her anxious inquiries.

In the afternoon they passed through a wilder part of the country. The path could hardly be traced. The poor girl was ready to sink with fatigue; but she pressed on; inwardly resolving to stop at the next ranch they passed, and inquire whether they were going.

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The shadows were lengthened, when Ulric suddenly drew rein before a mud cabin on the bank of a small stream, soaking rather than running under some luxuriant bushes.

A man was seated on a log before the wretched, squalid shanty: a rheumatic old man; evidently palsied by the use of rum. His mouth was open, except when it closed on a pipe he was shifting every minute; and red protuberances appeared on each cheekbone. Ulric spoke to him, but he shook his head and lifted one hand to his ear. Then Ulric made signs to him, and he nodded.

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speedy parting from his only child, left him trembling on a balance between the jubilant and the lachrymose; the ring was placed on the soft dimpled hand by the bridegroom, who was a little uncomfortable and flushed at being made a target by heaven only knows how many hundreds of pairs of eyes. It was all over at last, and a select company of invited guests went back to partake of the wedding banquet.

The shutters were tight closed, the rooms flooded with such brilliancy as only a full glare of gas can effect. The breakfast-table, extending the whole length of the double suite of rooms, which had the folding-doors thrown back and artfully concealed by floral arches until it seemed one unbroken range, was resplendent with the glitter of silver and crystal, and was weighed down with rare delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe, which only a metropolitan market can afford. But the crowning glory of the board was the cake occupying the central space. It was like a small mountain, the apex crowned by a temple of crystallized sweetness, the entire surface crusted over with exquisite designs, an earthly confection of heavenly beauty in its whitely granulated purity.

The dainty bride herself placed a knife at the base of the frosted temple, and considered her share of the stupendous effort required in cutting that cake accomplished. It was cut, however, by somebody, and every one had a piece. There was a ring in it, of course, and all were on the alert to discover its disposal.

Walter Lynne had been best man, consequently was paired off with Miss Lessingham. Fair as ever in his effeminate beauty, and dressed to the verge of scrupulous nicey. His white hands were small as a woman's; his china-blue eyes, his dimple-cheek chin, his fresh complexion—just the style to take captive the fancy of an inexperienced and romantic girl. So Florien acknowledged as she swept his make-up with one critical glance, but her woman's heart told her that they were only selfish surface lights reflected from the blue eyes, that the fair, regular features were characterless and insipid. He had endeavored more than once during the morning to catch her eye or exchange a word with her. He held glass of wine, and now, under cover of the general flutter of expectation attendant upon the cutting of the important cake, he leaned across, to murmur in her ear:

"I shall implore the gods by this magic draught to send the ring to your lot, Florrie. I should be sure, then, that the Fates meant to intercede for me."

This was no time and no place for a scene, so Florrie answered carelessly, not meeting his glance lest her own should betray her scorn of the ignoble part he was playing.

"I hope it may, Mr. Lynne, if only to spare some more superstitious damsel the pangs of disappointment. I don't acknowledge a fate which bows to fortune, do you?"

What did she mean?—he wondered, with a blank stare of speculation.

"Gerry has it—Gerry Lessingham has the ring," whispered one of the sharp-eyed bridesmaids, and then it ran around the table—"Miss Lessingham has the ring."

Miss Lessingham acknowledged to it without even a blush, and slipped the ring on a slender finger where two others already sparkled, wearing her honor with perfect composure.

After that the happy pair were toasted, the friends commiserated over the loss they were soon to sustain. The bride left the scene to exchange her snowy robes for traveling-dress, but first there was a general farewell made to the company, who began to drop away; there was an affecting scene with the parents and close friends she was leaving; then the newly wedded couple entered the carriage which awaited them and were whirled away.

In the confusion attending the breaking up of the company, Florien found the opportunity for which she had been waiting. She signaled Aubrey, and slipping her hand within his arm, detained him as the press of the throng drifted away.

"Now, tell me," said she, not looking at him, but without any attempt to avoid the glance, half of pity, half-scrutiny, which he gave her. There was no need of prelude or explanation. Aubrey experienced a bitter twinge as he thought:

"There's but one subject in her mind regarding which I can enlighten her, apparently. Will she hate me for telling her the truth, I wonder?"

"I was at the place, Miss Redesdale," he said. "I am forced to tell you that he was there also."

"And—he played?"

"And he played."

The drooping lashes went up and the hazel eyes met his, but betrayed nothing.

"Thank you, Mr. Lessingham. Was that all you learned?"

"Do you wish to know more? Shall I tell you all that I learned there?" He was burning with indignation at the remembrance, and lost sight of the resolve he had made to keep the indignity which had been offered her from Florien's knowledge.

"Tell me every thing. I know more of Mr. Lynne's boasts, I think, than you imagine."

He recited briefly the occurrences of the night, and this is what his recital comprised:

It was just eleven when he gained admittance to the house in question, which was precisely what the writer of the anonymous note represented it. There were few persons gathered yet, but it was not ten minutes after that Lynne came in alone. He looked harassed, and was so abstracted that he had passed close by without observing Aubrey, and threw himself into a chair by one of the empty tables. It was not long until he was joined by Colonel Marquestone. Aubrey was not close enough to hear their conversation, but Lynne seemed to be urging some scruple, which the other laughed down. He ordered liquor to be brought to them, and drank rather heavily before beginning to play.

Aubrey drew nearer and threw himself into a deep chair, pretending to read, but watching them all the while from the shelter his paper afforded.

Lynne lost steadily. He played with deliberate coolness at first, but the liquor he drank was stronger than he had any suspicion of it being, and with the progress of the game he grew more and more reckless until he lost sight of all caution. At last he threw down the cards with a sullen oath, and scowled across at the colonel.

"You've got the same run you've had for weeks past. By heaven! there's trickery somewhere."

"You're out of luck," answered the other, coolly. "Come, try again."

"What is this farce you are keeping up?" Lynne demanded. "You hold me now for fifty thousand dollars, and you know that I haven't fifty thousand cents. What object have you in getting me into your debt for sums you know I'll never pay you?"

"Honest at last," the colonel replied, sneeringly. "So the fifteen thousand yearly, and the pretty bulk to be reached in time, were not meant as security. Look out for glass houses, Lynne; there has been trickery, I think."

"Not on my part. I've been square from the first, and I'll make you safe on that if I ever

come into it. Do you mean to wait, I want to know?"

Lynne had been angry and defiant, but now he turned faint, pallid, as the colonel answered:

"That little form of notes drawn on sight tickles. No, my dear fellow, I don't mean to do it."

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean?"

"In the name of Heaven—nothing! in my own name—a great deal. I must have that money or its equivalent within twenty-four hours."

"You will ruin me! I made my last appeal to my uncle to-day, and he refused utterly to help me in any way. I've lost every thing. I can't pay it—you know I can't."

"Then you'd better take a little loan, and play ahead—until luck changes."

"If I could play my soul against you, I'd do it," declared Lynne, passionately. "I'd give that to know why you are tempting me on."

"Quite too insignificant, my dear fellow—the bait would never take. Suppose I give you another chance—what do you say to playing off your fair *fiancee* against every thing I hold of yours? If you win, you save yourself and have her in the bargain; if you lose, it's nothing worse than you are already. Consider, Walter, it's your last chance, your only chance. If you refuse it, I shall lay all those little notes of honor, with your signature attached, before Miss Redesdale, at the earliest available hour in the morning. You know best if you can risk that."

Walter did know—he knew with that he would lose every chance of ever winning Florien. It ended in his complying with the solicitation of the colonel, and—he lost.

"Ruined!" he groaned, dropping his head upon the table.

"Not so bad as that, though I do have to pay you for another signature," Marquestone answered, producing a paper which he had prepared. "Just a bond declaring the last stake we played for, and I'll give you time on the rest."

"Do you want to marry her yourself?" Lynne asked.

"That's rather a leading question. Well—to be candid, I don't believe the young lady takes to me especially. Bad taste in her, but it's the truth, nevertheless."

It ended in Lynne's signing, and they had gone away arm-in-arm after all. Colonel Marquestone still retained his supremacy over the young man who was such a weak and pliable tool in his hands.

Then, and not until then, Aubrey put down the paper behind which he had sheltered himself, and went out into the street just as the gray morning light was breaking.

"The villain!" he concluded his recital with a burst of indignation he could not wholly repress. "I'll break every bone in his contemptible little body, if you only say the word, Miss Redesdale."

"I positively forbid your interference in my quarrel, Mr. Lessingham. He is beneath your notice, as he is beneath mine. Don't look so wretched, please. Can't you see that I am in no danger of breaking my heart over his perfidy?"

He caught her hands in both his, and his eager face drooped low over her bright hair.

"I believe you are glad to be free from him, Florien—may I—dare I?"

She checked his words with a glance, as she gently drew her hands away.

"Not now. Come, Mr. Lessingham, or we may be too late to bid farewell to the bride."

They moved away down the length of the now almost deserted rooms, and when they were fairly gone, out from the shadow of the flower-wreathed column where she had stood, came Gerry Lessingham.

CHAPTER XXI.

TWO IMPORTANT INTERVIEWS.

To say that Mr. Walter Lynne was seriously discomposed would but faintly convey the disturbed state of mind in which he found himself. He had parted from the colonel at the close of that disastrous night on which, for the want of other security, he had staked his claim upon his *fiancee*, and lost. Though he had lost, he made mental oath that he would not give up Florien without one last effort to right himself and to disappoint the colonel's calculations, whatever they might be. He went up the long flights of stairs and into his room with a dragging, inelastic step. The place was cheerless and dark with the misty gray of the struggling dawn filtering a chilly twilight through one window where the curtain was left undrawn. Mr. Lynne, pattern of all that was dainty and fastidious in his personal equipments, had not carried his luxurious tastes into the appointments of his own apartment. Not but he might have done so had not fate—he was in the habit, like most weak people, of attributing every thing good or ill which befell him to fate—had not fate so ordered it that he was always considerably straitened in means, and severely economical in those little necessities of life which lay completely behind the scenes. It was rather large and rather bare, on the third floor of a second-rate boarding-house. Now as he struck a light his surroundings made themselves apparent, dingy and comfortless. The carpet was faded and threadbare in spots; there was a skeleton bedsted with lumpy mattress and coarse coverlet; a half-dozen cane-seat chairs, a deal washstand with ewer and basin of very cloudy and suspicious whiteness; a bureaut littered over, and an open dressing-case, which, with its rich furnishings, seemed out of place with its surroundings.

Mr. Lynne flung off his overcoat and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the uninviting couch, shading his eyes from the light with an unsteady hand.

"What devil's recklessness tempted me to run my head into such a noose?" he thought, grinding his teeth in the impotency of his rage.

"Why couldn't I hold a check-rein until after I was all safe with Florrie? She wouldn't go back on her word as long as I was fair and square with her, though I half suspect the sprightly little beauty isn't so fond of me as she was once upon a time. And—I well, it's sheer ruin to me unless some last desperate move will bring her to terms. How unlucky that she should get a hint of that professional business just now; if she hears of this night's work on top of it, my case is a gone one. She must not hear of it—I mustn't let her have time enough for that. She can't be indifferent quite, though the ardor of blissful first love has cooled a little. Heaven! how she's improved under the process, too! I never did fancy your gushing women, and she's self-contained as the worst iceberg in the North seas—when she chooses. She must melt, though, when it's put to her to take me or lose me; she'll not be ready for that alternative, though she may fight shy on it. She was ready enough once, and I'll have to work on her sympathies in some decided way to bring her back to the old pitch. Hang the luck that's got me into such a fix! What in the name of all the fiends is Marquestone driving at—cutting off his last chance of getting a dollar from me? It must be that he's going to try his own chances—fool! didn't he

think that she would stoop to look at him. Curse Marquestone, I say! curse myself—curse every thing and everybody!"

The delivery of that scathing anathema was quite too much for Mr. Lynne's recumbent posture. He sprung up and began pacing the floor with such hasty strides as his rather independent inclinations seldom led him to indulge. The morning light grew more distinct in its gray opalescence, and the gas-flame paled in its chilling growth, as he kept up that steady tramp, tramp, up and down, over and across the length and breadth of the dreary room, kicking some offending article out of the way now and then, but scarcely pausing.

The stir of the day had begun below stairs. The ringing of the early bells, and the rattle of the butcher's and baker's wagons, aroused him to the fact that it was past seven and he had not slept a wink through the entire night.

Sleep was impossible even now, but it would

never do to appear at the wedding with that haggard face and those unstrung nerves. He gave himself a shake, brushed back his unkempt hair, settled his collar, buttoned on the overcoat he had thrown carelessly across a chair upon his recent entrance, took his hat and went out. Down the length of one street and up another to the fashionable restaurant where he took his meals; for, if Mr. Lynne could stink himself in some particulars, denying the gratification of his rather epicurean appetite was not one of them.

He drank absinthe until his heavy eyes were brightened and a generous flush dispelled the pallor of his face. He had a delicious breakfast served, and, thanks to the subtle draught, did ample justice to it. And later he appeared at the wedding, and carried himself through his part with the ease and composure of a man who had not a care upon his mind or a debt of honor he could not meet weighing upon his conscience.

In that restless walk up and down his room, in the gray of early morning, he had worked out a plan; and in following it, found himself at four that afternoon on the steps of the Redesdale mansion.

Florien was alone in her own room when his step was brought to her, with a penciled request for private interview. She was expecting him to put in an early appearance, though not quite so soon as this. She was only home for an hour, but already had changed her snowy-bridesmaid's robes for an afternoon dress of violet silk, and had dismissed her maid only a moment before the latter returned, bearing Lynne's card. She had met the footman with it upon the stairs, and taken the commission at his asking.

"What is the remembrance of your old kindness which emboldens me to come to you now, Mr. Lynne. I have come to intercede with you in behalf of your nephew, your namesake—the only relative you have in the world. I know that he applied to you in his trouble and that you refused him, but I want the chance of helping him through you."

"Walter—that puppy! Up to his tricks, ha! He's been imposing on you, too, eh? Help him? I'll see him at the deuce, first."

"Mr. Lynne?"

"You don't know how that scamp has disappointed me. Thriftless, cowardly knave! Never would have turned him off if he'd kept up the bad. There's no reform in the scoundrel, either. Time and again I've set him on his feet, and he kicks the props out in the same old way. Sorry to refuse you anything on account of old times and your grandmother, Miss Gerry, but I'll not do anything for her sake."

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"But you'll not refuse me, Mr. Lynne? I shall not ask nothing more than you would willingly do as a matter of accommodation to any man of business and probity. Please promise to do as I wish without bringing up an objection. For the sake of my grandmother, Mr. Lynne!"

"What is it the child wants? Don't mystify an old man, Gerry. I thought you were beguiling for that scamp's nephew of mine. Of course, I'm willing to oblige you—"

"There you have promised. You can't break your word, you know. This is what I want, Mr. Lynne."

And this it was, by a different round of circumlocution than she employed:

Miss Lessingham was a small heiress in her own right. An uncle—her mother's brother—of whom, if the truth must be told, she had been undoubtedly ashamed during his lifetime, was upon her gratitude, if nothing more, at his death, by leaving her the entire proceeds of thirty years' engagement in the vulgar business of soap-boiling. The little fortune of fifty thousand dollars was quite within her own control. What she wanted now was for the elder Mr. Lynne to take her investments off her hands, giving her a check for the amount. Woman-like, having decided upon her action, she could not delay one moment in carrying it out to fulfillment.

"To let you throw it away on that puppy—is that what you mean? No, Miss Lessingham."

"You promised, you know. Besides, I'll have to go to some tiresome broker,

which no one can prevent my doing, and be bothered with a lot of unnecessary forms. I thought you might be willing to spare me that."

"Why didn't you go to your father or your brother, then?" queried Mr. Lynne, sharply.

"Because they would have remonstrated, and objected, and worried me without changing my purpose in the least, just as you seem bound to do, Mr. Lynne. The money is my own to use as I like. If I choose to help a fellow-creature instead of frittering it away in party-going and party-dressing, there's no human reason why I shouldn't."

And the upshot of it was that she had her own way.

"For if she will, she will—you may depend on it. And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on it."

"I wish you joy of your bargain, Miss Lessingham. I suppose you intend to do the thing up in regular style—proper moment—ruin starting him in the face—loan from kind friend—turned from the evil of his way—final. Oh, by zounds! do you happen to know, my dear young lady, that the dog has managed to get himself engaged to fifteen thousand a year? Pretty girl—spirited—think she'll cut him, from her look—gave her a hint of what he was up to myself. I don't think you need count any thing from that fifteen thousand a year, Miss Gerry. Truth is you might just as well put your money in that grave there."

"I shall live to convince you differently, Mr. Lynne. I'll have a full equivalent for every cent, you shall see."

She rose to go as she spoke. Lights had been

brought during the interview, and now the eccentric Mr. Lynne peered sharply into her

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL.

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The New Volume.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL, with this number, enters upon its Fourth Year. In consonance with the spirit which has animated its publishers from its first issue—to make it the most beautiful and desirable of all the popular Weeklies—this beginning of the New Volume is made the occasion of changes which render the paper more attractive in its typographical appearance and which add the equivalent of more than *four columns* to its hitherto quantity of matter.

These improvements are indicative of a prosperity almost unprecedented in the history of American popular journalism. For a paper, in so brief a period as three years, and in the face of a fierce competition, to advance to the very front, in circulation, influence and popularity, is quite without precedent; yet, this prosperity simply illustrates the readiness of our reading public to accept and sustain what is good. Having had a long and varied experience in catering for the lovers of literature with a most thorough knowledge of the authorial resources of the country, the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL from its start produced a paper of marked excellence and beauty, and by constantly advancing that excellence and beauty have attained the expected result.

The schedule for the Fourth Year is very fine. We find our hands filled with manuscripts of which any publisher might well be proud, and we have to promise our readers a succession of serials, stories, sketches and social revelations which will command unequalled attention, especially from those who prefer the Original American writer and expositions of original American life and character, to the stories of lords and ladies, palaces and hovels, of curates and parishioners, of courts and common life, in European countries, which flood our popular press.

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An Exciting Story of Woman's Love and Woman's Hate—of Man's baseness and Man's loyalty—the power of an inherited curse—is

MRS. MARY REED CROWELL'S

BARBARA'S FATE;

or,

A Bride, but not a Wife,

which will soon commence in this paper. It is a somewhat singular and strange story of a wonderfully artful and beautiful woman whose art was her bane and whose beauty was her most fatal dower; but, by a blind fate antagonized with a reckless, unprincipled man, she becomes the veritable genius of wrong.

Mrs. Crowell's power as a delineator of the emotional nature is here brought into full play, for beside the characters named, she presents as their foil and contrast two very noble, self-sacrificing souls, who, though victims to art and jealousy, are yet so strong in their truth and innate nobility as to impress the reader deeply with every development of their fortune.

It is a Love Story, in the fullest sense, for love makes woman both an Angel and a Fiend; and developing the grand passion unfolds a train of circumstances which give a drama of a nature to command the reader's deepest interest, sympathy and admiration.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—We have to say that the pressure for the reproduction of "The Wolf Demon" is so strong, we find it necessary to put it on the schedule; and shall, therefore, do so, giving this now celebrated wildwood romance its second presentation in our columns. Fully aware, at its first issue, of its marked originality and singular power, we yet were not prepared for the sensation which it created, nor for the great demand for it after its run in the paper. This call for it, coming from all quarters, and all classes of readers, of course soon exhausted our after editions, large as they were; and so many of the numbers running out of print, we were, at length, unable to supply the story. As a consequence, the demand for republication has been almost uninterrupted; and while we, as a rule, do not care to reprint successful stories, in this case we must repeat it, and thus both clear the table of unfilled orders and stay the accumulation of others sure to come.

We can not, as has been stated repeatedly in our columns, answer correspondents giving "reasons" for declining manuscripts. In exercising the office of editor we but follow the Darwinian theory of "natural selection," in which the fittest survives. Strange as it may seem, seven-tenths of the MSS. that drift into editorial rooms are unfit for publication because of imperfection of manuscript. A great many persons "write for the press" who don't know how to write. Now, just think of an editor's position if he attempted to give his reasons! He would have to become a kind of common schoolmaster. In cases where the MSS. are correct enough as compositions yet are unavailable, it is not possible to say why they are rejected, because that would entail great labor without any corresponding good to the paper. It might, it is true, be good for the author, but the editor is not caring for individuals who have no special claims on his time and knowledge. He is only solicitous to obtain what is the best for his paper without regard to persons, and to do this must be at liberty to reject without restraint, nor be called upon to give an explanation or reason for his choice.

—Some unfeeling wretch states that a maiden lady (age not mentioned) was told by a traveling gentleman that every woman who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by Government. "It is not possible!" said the lady, making her mouth as little as she could. The gentleman added, "That if she had a large mouth, she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to the full extent. And it is added that the traveling gentleman, becoming alarmed at the size of the mouth, made his escape and has not been heard of since. It is strange how some men can be. To take advantage of an unprotected female, at any time, is discreditable; to encourage hopes that are doomed to be dashed is dishonorable; but, to make her show herself as she is, is—very provoking.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

Men's Hats! What troubles me about these articles is just this: what is it makes country folks so fond of wearing their hats at all times? In the house and out of the house they are never bareless, and they don't even think it worth while to remove them when they go visiting. I really believe they'd go to bed in them if only some one were bold enough to set the fashion.

Is it because these men are so proud of their head-gear or are they afraid of some one's robbing them of their "titles" that makes them insist upon wearing their hats in unseasonable times and at wrong places? I don't think it a very polite fashion, to say the least. It looks exactly as though they hadn't much respect for those around them. You can always tell the true gentleman, for he removes the hat when he enters the house, and does not put it on again until he leaves it. It shows politeness to doff one's hat, and I really believe it pays to be polite when it costs so little, don't you?

That "crawf!" Some time since I noticed that a new fashionable fresh was to be adopted in England and this country, styled the "crawf"—something similar to the "Grecian bend," and inwardly I wondered to myself if the world was going mad, or if people didn't have a more profitable way to dispose of their precious time than by trying to find out how hideously they could deform themselves? Really one would be inclined to suppose Darwin to be right, and that we were only following the gaits and manners of our ancestors, the baboons.

It is really shocking to think how some individuals are willing to strive to make the bodies God gave them appear as though they were suffering from some infirmity. When the Almighty Father gave us a being, He meant it should be filled with a brain to plan noble purposes, and a heart to carry them out; but you can not make me believe it is gratifying to Him to see you limp and mince along as though there were but two things to live for, money and fashion. There is nothing gained—unless you call your own esteem a gain—by deforming yourselves. Go through life *crawf*, as you were intended to, and don't "crawf" along like a snake. You sink yourselves low in the estimation of the refined and become the laughing-stock of the vulgar. And when you enter God's house of prayer with these unrealities, you become downright wicked—your presence is a mockery.

Sincerity. Be sincere in what you do and say. Don't praise your friend's contributions to the papers simply because he is your friend. If you don't think they merit praise, you will be doing him a greater kindness to point out their errors, in order that he may correct them, and make him a better writer.

If you are asked advice on any subject, and you know that the asker wants it to be in harmony with his own wishes, don't let that deter you from stating what you think is for the best. There are some cases where we must do our duty, even though we may offend and hurt the feelings of our nearest and best friends.

Thankfulness. Be thankful for the blessings bestowed upon you, and if your friends grant you favors, let them see that you are grateful. A "thank you" costs but little, but it serves to show that you appreciate a kindness done.

His son, Ezekiel, set his heart upon a baronet's daughter and married his cook, and lived a life of repentance and soap-making.

His son, Peter, even from the time he was a lad, had a great desire to be king of England—certainly a strange and exalted wish in the heart of any youth—but as he found that selling peanuts would be incompatible with wearing the crown, he resolutely stuck to peanuts, and took a prominent stand in the society of that day; that is, he occupied a corner of a principal street, and by discriminately examining the character of the postal currency he took in, and not being so particular of the kind he gave out in change, he accumulated almost enough to keep him from going on the parish.

His daughter, Angelina, whose beauty was extremely rare, but in what sense I can not determine, in her girlhood's days never dreamed of marrying a viscount of the realm, and she never did, but bestowed her hand, and afterward the fire-shovel, upon a gentleman who furnished eels and shrimps to the Tichborne family. This husband shortly after indulged in suicide; his name on his tombstone is Wazeal. His wife, finding life monotonous, soon joined him, and did her best to take the fire-shovel along with her.

He lives in the constant dread that some one may become richer than he, for he estimates a man's worth in proportion to his golden possessions. He never knows the beauties of the orphan's or widow's blessing, because he never gives any thing in charity, and it would be like begging mercy at a tyrant's hands to ask him for a penny.

The world, in his eyes, is merely a place to accumulate money in, and to hoard it up when once secured. What are others' wants to him? What cares he whether his brother man lives or dies, so long as he touches not his money nor calls on him for aid?

You can always tell the mean man by his hard features and the look stamped upon his countenance, that says, plainer than words could do: "If you want money, keep out of my way; but, if you have some to give me, walk by my side."

The heart he carries in his body has long since ceased to beat with true life; a stone seems to have usurped its place. There is no heat in his eye if he reads of the destitution of others; his pocketbook never unlooses at the cry of distress, nor does he feel one twinge of conscience when he brushes the beggar from his path.

Can such a man hope for the estimation and good-will of his fellow-beings? Must he not look despotic in the eyes of the Almighty? Is not the poorest human being, if endowed with charity, far his superior in every way? And will not his deeds outweigh those of his miserly neighbor?

If the mean man could see himself as others see him, he might find that he was not quite the envied being he imagines himself to be. When he dies, there will be no mourners at his funeral, and no kindly tears will ever wet his tombstone.

F. S. F.

—The man who has a brave and gentle heart, that he can not keep a secret, is a gentleman in that name's most noble meaning. Nature's gentleman can never be disguised; the rough and ragged garb can not conceal, neither does he draw off his character and his holiday unmentionables together, or rid himself of his urbanity as well as his boots by the same kink.

SESQUIPEDALIA VERBA!

I HAPPENED in my reading the other day, to come across a saying, which at once struck me as being a truth in more than one sense. "Wisdom don't always speak in Greek and Latin." Now, if all our public speakers were conscious of this, I am thinking their speeches would be better appreciated by the common people. If the proverb was changed so as to read, "Wisdom does not use words that its hearers can not understand," I think it would be an improvement. It is a weakness that too many of our ministers and lecturers have—this fondness for big words.

Writers, too, are still more apt to get into a habit of expressing their ideas, however small, by large words—young writers especially. There is, in all things, reason; and this practice, so common, should be brought within the limits of reason. Large words are well enough in their places; but it is not right to use a large word when a smaller would express the writer's or speaker's opinion better; for this shows a lack of good judgment. It should be kept in mind, that, even in these days of intelligence, every person we meet did not receive his education in a college, nor is he able to comprehend every word found in Webster's *Unabridged*.

Empty vessels make the most sound." Young authors and speakers should strive against falling into this practice, lest they happen to be classed under the head of "empty vessels," for large words are often used for sound than for the meaning they express, as a general rule.

Foolscap Papers.

The Tichborne Claimant.

It is impossible for me to keep still any longer. I have kept my secret in my own bosom and have never breathed it before to any man; but I was just bidding my time, and that time is now here. I will tell it.

I AM THE TRUE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

Now I feel a good deal better after that candid admission, and Arthur Orton will tremble in his boots when he hears it. I was waiting for him to stir the matter up to a foaming extent, and then I would step in and show a scar on my nose which I got when I was a boy, along with a brick from another boy who had not politeness enough to allow me to call him a liar without making a fuss about it.

I am the only true heir; you can readily tell that by my air, and I came from a long line of ancestors; that is, my ancestors all measured six feet, and it will take but a moment for me to run over them and substantiate my just claim to the Tichborne estate.

I am not altogether certain that any of my ancestors lived before Adam, or even if they were contemporaries of that renowned gentleman and were old friends and cronies of his. I shall not dwell here. The first account I find of them in the family records states that some of the family constructed a hollow elephant of wood, and obtained admission into the Ark, riding safely over the deluge, and shortly afterward emigrated to England, and settled close to London.

Simon John Whitehorn, from whom I shall trace my descent, afterward moved to London and opened an office for the mending of boots and shoes. In the course of time he would have wedded the daughter of a duke who would have him; so he married his housekeeper, and that's the last we hear of him.

His son, Ezekiel, set his heart upon a baronet's daughter and married his cook, and lived a life of repentance and soap-making.

His son, Peter, even from the time he was a lad, had a great desire to be king of England—certainly a strange and exalted wish in the heart of any youth—but as he found that selling peanuts would be incompatible with wearing the crown, he resolutely stuck to peanuts, and took a prominent stand in the society of that day; that is, he occupied a corner of a principal street, and by discriminately examining the character of the postal currency he took in, and not being so particular of the kind he gave out in change, he accumulated almost enough to keep him from going on the parish.

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F. S. F.

tick long enough to be satisfied beyond all doubt?

I have the veritable mole on my arm, and on my little toe I have the family corn. Can any one with same mind look at my false teeth and say I am not the man?

Just as soon as I can raise money enough to go to England, I shall hurry there and take that estate under my arm, and bring it over, and set some of my friends up in the peanut business.

WASHINGTON TICHBORNE WHITEHORN,

Baronet.

Woman's World.

Work and Wages of Women—Inefficiency of Women as Workers—Education not the Only Remedy—She Who Would be Protected by Law—Institutions and Organizations—Hotels, Club-Houses, Unions and Associations for Women—Marriage a Sacrament—Single Life the Perfection of Sacrifice.

A few evenings since, Anna Dickinson lectured at Steinway Hall, in New York. Her audience were respectable in point of numbers, and more than respectable in the classes of our metropolitan society represented. Many prominent ladies from the Sorosis Club were there, and the "sterner sex" was represented by many distinguished writers, journalists and editors. All seemed deeply interested in the fair, eloquent orator's words. Her subject was "Woman's Work and Wages." Of course she had the argument all her own way, and made out very plain case, showing that men received better wages than women because they were really more efficient workers. She argued further, that a more vigorous and practical education and training bestowed on women, would remedy that part of the evil. She made out a very plain case, but failed to convince one of her audience, at all events, that a complete remedy for women's inefficiency could be found in education and training.

The truth is, we don't desire to entirely remedy this inefficiency. We don't want a woman educated like a man, or attempting to do a man's work. We don't want her to be a competitor with men in all the fields in which they labor. We wish to reform that tendency of modern society, which requires a woman to prove herself a man's equal, which would force her to earn her living, and push her way in the world just like a man.

Now, let me not be misunderstood. I would not have women weaker, or more ignorant, or narrower, or more selfish than they are. I would only have men more manly, more wise, more magnanimous, more chivalrous, more unselfish than to expect a woman to accomplish what a man does. If women must go out in the world and win their way, and earn their wages as men do, men should be educated to remember that they are women, and should be treated as women. Not as dolls or children, to be stuffed with flattery and petted and indulged with finery, and gew-gaws, and bon-bons; but as human beings with souls, and individuals whose self-res

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

5

OVER THE BRIDGE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

On the moorland where the rose and lily bloom,
And ripples catch the sweetness of their spice perfume,
A brook in graceful windings thro' green grasses flows,
And bears them with its murmurs, where to? no one
knows.

An old man stands lone in sweet tranquillity
Near the ever-sighing brook flowing onward to the sea,
Free from jars of sin and strife on the pleasant moor,
While above its gables gray, larks their music pour.

Here in summer, where all fair and all bright appears,
Leds a youth his maiden bride in her youthful years,
O'er the bridge that spans the brook, glad and long ago,
And for her he made a home in that cottage low.
But in winter all is drear and seems sad around;
The dust of him she followed to his chilly mound;
O'er the bridge that spans the brook, where the snow
falls, And with heavy steps she came to the cot once more.

Out on the shrouded moorland where no flowers grow,
While cold its voice is sobbing deep beneath the snow,
The brook from sight is hidden 'neath the folds of gold,
Its silver underneath beats a silver chime.

Now in this moorland cottage sits one, weak and old,
On her head the snows of age have decked the gold,
O'er the bridge that spans the brook, where the snow
falls, Ah, they soon will bear her dust, when sweet seraphs
call.

The Belle's Revenge.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

TALL, dark as an Italian, with glorious black eyes, large and liquid, and lips red as a cherry, Her jetty hair was flowing in half-waving curls, only ornamented by a satin ribbon whose brightness was dimmed by the radiance of her ebon tresses. A regal-looking girl, whom you never would have taken for the sister of the insipid blonde who was languidly fastening a spray of silver wheat in her elaborately and gracefully arranged coiffure. But she of the raven hair was Olive Pensoyer, and the fair-haired girl was Marie Pensoyer, and they both called "mother" the little faded lady who was critically viewing their toilets.

"That will do splendidly, Marie; that wheat-sheaf droops precisely enough. It contrasts admirably with your dress, doesn't it?"

Marie glanced at the trailing white silk dress that fitted her so perfectly.

"Yes, I think I will do; I want to look well on Mr. Moorfield's account."

As Marie spoke, she turned suddenly and looked in Olive's eyes; and a vivid blush surged over the dark cheeks as Olive's eyes drooped.

Mrs. Pensoyer smiled—a little contemptuous—
at Olive.

"You are not in love with your sister's suitor."

The voice was stern, and it bore an undercurrent of vague threatening.

"Because," Mrs. Pensoyer went on, as she smoothed down the heavy folds of Marie's silk, "you know how very desirable it would be for Marie to marry Mr. Moorfield. He is rich, and can afford her all the luxuries she has been accustomed to—that we have all stinted ourselves in order to give her."

Olive's face had grown pale again, but a sudden fire had flashed to her black eyes; they always did so flash when Mrs. Pensoyer so plainly displayed her partiality for her younger child—the one who looked so like her. And although Olive had grown accustomed to being second in her mother's affections, there were times when a rebellious spirit surged wildly within her that she should be obliged to take only what Marie left—even in a choice of lovers she must do it.

But now the fire quickly died out from her eyes, and a gentle, tender light took its place.

"I am sure Marie has had every opportunity to win Mr. Moorfield—"

She was interrupted angrily.

"Has had! Are her chances at an end? or, perhaps you intend throwing down the gauntlet?"

Mrs. Pensoyer spoke in tones of most derisive sneering, and Marie smiled in cool disregard.

"I do not intend to, mother—because—I may as well tell you now, as any time, that Guy Moorfield this morning asked me to be his wife, and I accepted him."

Very quietly, almost freezing, Olive impeded her information, and yet with wildly-throbbing heart, as she awaited the storm she knew would find vent.

Furious as she knew her mother and sister would be, she little imagined the form their fury would take; she was horrified when Mrs. Pensoyer staggered wrathfully up to her, shaking her fist in her eyes.

You designing, treacherous beggar, you! How dare you thwart my daughter, you miserable, charity founding you? This is what I get for taking you from a garret, it is, and making you one of my own!"

That was an awful blow to proud Olive Pensoyer; she, who in her womanly beauty, won Guy Moorfield, so suddenly learned she was not fit to be his wife—or the wife of any man until she confessed her origin, and threw herself on his pity.

That she never would, never could do; and so the sunshine of her joy that Guy Moorfield loved her, was suddenly turned into more than darkness because she was proud, and faithless to believe it could make no difference to him.

Very fair and very tender Marie Pensoyer was, sitting a little in the gloom of the tall lemon tree shadow, with her white hands idly clasped over her blue silk dress, and her blue eyes upturned into Guy Moorfield's face as he stood leaning against the mantel, and looking moodily down at her.

"It is the most incomprehensible thing I ever knew," he was saying, as he tore a shining leaf to fragments. "That she should have fled her home for such a trifling offense; I can not imagine it of her."

"It is just as I have told you, Mr. Moorfield," and Marie's soft, musical voice was in harmony with her compassionate, almost love-fraught eyes. "When poor Olive told us of her engagement to you, mamma very kindly told her she hoped you would not be disappointed to find she had nothing whatever. Olive seemed terribly surprised and disappointed, declared she never would be a portentous bride, and the next morning when mamma went to call her to breakfast—she had gone."

Marie's voice faltered, and she held her dainty lace-ruffled handkerchief to her eyes.

Mr. Moorfield smiled scornfully at the tableau—he could read her through and through.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "it shall be my business to follow and find her, and marry her wherever I find her. No other woman under the canopy above can ever be my wife but Olive Pensoyer."

Marie gave a little shivering start; and had not that handkerchief been in the way, Mr. Moorfield would have seen the fierce biting of the red under-lip and the sudden clinching together of the white fingers.

Would this bit of *finesse* end thus disastrously? Was it possible that this lover of Olive's would prove invulnerable to her own charms after Olive had gone from sight?

She almost caught her breath as Guy's words fell on her ears, almost solemn in their earnestness; "no other woman," then, but

Olive could be his wife; not even herself, who had planned so deeply, so futilely!

In that one silent second, Marie Pensoyer resolved what to do; Guy Moorfield might have her—and she, slighted, passed over for Olive Pensoyer, would have her revenge.

It had required no magician's art to right things again. Mrs. Pensoyer and Marie had written such a penitent letter to Olive, declaring they never dreamed their little "joke" would produce such disastrous results; assuring her it would never refer to again, and telling her what her lover had said. They besought her to come home, and be married.

Mrs. Pensoyer smiled, sardonically, as she sealed the letter, and directed it to the address Olive had left in her room; and had Olive seen that look, or the quiet triumph in Marie's manner, she would never have fallen on her knees in tearful thankfulness that the sunburst had come.

So she went home, and was married to Guy Moorfield—never, for so much as a minute, dreaming of the trouble that was creeping in her tracks.

But it came, all unsuspected, in the form of a guileless-looking, harmless note, addressed to Mrs. Olive Moorfield, in a hand that was strange, but in words that made her heart beat with rapture.

"Olive, my long lost daughter, I have just found you, and am sick unto death. Will you come to gladden your father's eyes before they are too dim to look upon you?"

With a flushed gladness in her yearning heart, Olive went, without delay, to the address indicated, to find a dark-faced, handsome man, who rapturously greeted her and embraced and kissed her.

She was astonished to find he was not ill; she did not observe how studiously he avoided calling her "daughter," and how persistently he did call her "his long lost darling," "his own little Olive."

Somewhat, Olive was faithless to trust this Italian-like stranger; and after a very short, unsatisfactory interview she went home, herself wondering if all fathers were like hers.

At the front door her own maid met her with a penciled note, in her husband's hand.

"Olive," it said, "I was warned to watch you. I followed you straight to the arms of your lover, who will doubtless relieve me of his long lost darling." We do not meet again; my house will shelter you no longer.

"GUY MOORFIELD."

Olive reeled and fainted in the hall, while, peering over the landing, Mrs. Pensoyer and Marie, who had dropped in for a call on "dear Mrs. Moorfield," laughed in silent, devilish glee.

Their blow had struck home, their aim had been accomplished, and Olive, a traduced wife, was forbidden her husband's door, through their machinations.

True, Guy Moorfield never suspected they had sent the note telling him to watch his wife; true Olive never dreamed, when she read the summons from a dying parent, that that handsome, dark-browed stranger had been hired to play his part for her destruction, by the Pensoyers, whose revenge had never a moment slept. But true it was, and Olive tottered away, turned out from her own home, to seek a pillow as best she could.

"Mrs. Moorfield, can you see a stranger—a gentleman?" A sweet-faced old lady bent over the low cottage bed where Olive lay, her first-born on her arm.

"A stranger—a gentleman, Aunt Rebecca? Oh, my God, send it is Guy!" and her face turned paler than death, as she eagerly gave consent.

Then she waited in silent prayer; then she heard footsteps on the stairs in the hall, at her door; then—her husband clasped her in his arms, sobbing hard for forgiveness and mercy, and love from her whom he had dared to wrong in thought.

We need not repeat sacred words that sealed their re-union; enough, that "after many days" the clouds had arisen, and retribution settled where it was deserved.

Wasn't it too Bad?

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

MARIA MOORE sat down on the steps to read the letters John Brent brought.

"Oh!" she cried, "cousin Alice is going to be married next Christmas, and she wants me to come and stay with her a whole month before the wedding. Won't that be splendid?"

"I hope Alice's cousin, Marcia, will conclude to be married about the same time," answered John, looking down into Marcia's face, with a meaning smile.

"There! You've begun on that again!" cried Marcia, blushing. "You know I made you promise, not longer ago than last week, to let me have at least a month's peace."

"Well, I will," answered John. "I won't mention it again for a whole month."

"Remember that, please," said Marcia, and turned her attention to her letter.

John Brent liked Marcia Moore; but Marcia, like most girls, was fond of teasing the men, and consequently, when John asked her to marry him, she wouldn't say yes or no, but kept him in a sort of suspense that afforded her a great deal of satisfaction.

"There! You've begun on that again!" cried Marcia, blushing. "You know I made you promise, not longer ago than last week, to let me have at least a month's peace."

"Count it done already," answered De Villiare, stroking his mustache. "But, what do you want me to do? Is it in the courting or cutting line? Am I to win hearts, or break heads?"

"Nonsense! De Villiare, I am not in a mood for jesting."

"I am surprised at that, then," replied De Villiare. "I thought you went down to see the English beauty. You usually come back in good humor from there."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Joucaire. "You will make me hate you, if you persist in trifling with me in this style. Bella Carlyn is a false jade, and even now she is giving my rival an audience."

"Your rival?"

"Yes, my rival!"

"Does he belong to the garrison?"

"No."

"An Indian tribe?"

"No; but an Englishman—a Marylander—who, from what I overheard, I learned was out here with Bradlock, and now holds a captain's commission under Forbes."

"Under Forbes! Why, he has not yet crossed the mountains."

"True enough," answered Joucaire; "but this Captain Ashmore has been sent out in advance, as a spy I presume."

"What do you propose doing?"

"Doing?" exclaimed the commandant. "I intend to capture this fellow, and shoot him like a dog. He is a spy, and, as a spy, is deserving of death."

"Get on the other side, and as soon as the door gives way fire and load again. I will release my shot until I see something to shoot at."

"Begorra, sir, I'll pop one or two up the

Grant. It wasn't like her to think of two things at the same time. She wasn't capable of it. But John thought her a very fair specimen of womankind, and didn't detect the shallowness and superficiality about her. But then he was in love, or thought he was, which amounts to the same thing, and that accounts for his blindness to Marcia's faults and shortcomings.

Mr. Grant came, and forthwith all the girls in Brentwood fell to chanting his praises.

"He's just splendid!" said Marcia, enthusiastically. "He's just pale enough to be interesting."

"Precisely how pale does a person have to be to interest?" asked John.

"And he's got the nice mustache," went on Marcia, ignoring John's question. "And such eyes! They're oh, they're perfectly beautiful!"

"Humph!" John already began to feel considerable disgust on the subject.

"He promised to call," said Marcia. "I believe there's something congenial between us, for he likes Byron as well as I do, and the heliotrope is his favorite flower."

"Wonderful man!" cried John. "Is there any similarity in your tastes for fried chickens, and strawberries and cream? If there is, then we can be no doubt of your congeniality."

Marcia was so vexed at that that she wouldn't say anything to say to John for a week.

During that time she got quite intimate with Mr. Grant. He took her out riding once or twice, thereby causing jealousy in the hearts of all the young ladies of Brentwood, who, like Marcia, had taken a fancy to the city gentleman.

Of course that made it all the more enjoyable to Marcia.

At the end of a week, John called, but Marcia was so busy entertaining Mr. Grant that she hadn't any time to spare him, and therewith he got a little of the Brentwood temper up, and went directly to Mary Larson's, where he spent a very pleasant evening.

After that, Mr. Grant took Marcia to picnics, and walked with her to church, and was very popular. So much so that the other young ladies who had designs on Mr. Grant began to suspect that there wasn't much show for them, and withdrew from the field, leaving Marcia to conquer, if she could.

And Marcia began to congratulate herself that it wasn't very hard work for country girls to win city gentlemen, if Mr. Grant was a fair specimen of them. More than once he had been on the point of proposing when something had happened to prevent it. Marcia began to count up the new dresses she would have her first season out as Mrs. Grant.

It gave her a few twinges of jealousy to see John Brent and Mary Larson so much together, and enjoying each other's company so much. Not that she really cared for John, she told herself, but it piqued her vanity to think he could so soon and so easily get over his passion for her.

But one day, came a letter from her cousin, Alice, that leveled all her air-castes to the very dust.

"You wrote about Mr. Grant," wrote Alice, and I inferred from what you said about him that he had been paying you some attentions. I hope it's merely a flirtation. The Mr. Grant that is stopping at Brentwood is a cousin of the Mr. Grant I wrote to you about. He is a poor clerk, and I should hate to have you marry him. The other Mr. Grant changed his mind, and went to Long Branch, instead of going into the country.

Poor Marcia! Down toppled the last tower of her air-castle. How provoked she was! At Mr. Grant, though he wasn't to blame, and at John, and he wasn't to be blamed! And at herself, just a trifle, for being so foolish and headlong. "But, then," thought she, "I can make it all up with John!"

Who should go riding by that moment, but John, and Mary Larson, all in white, by his side.

"Allow me to present my wife," said John, bowing to Marcia.

That was the feather's weight that broke the camel's back. Marcia couldn't keep back her tears any longer, but broke completely down and had a good cry. She had lost all around, and I think it was good enough for her.

"Faith an' I'll do that same thin," replied the boy to his camp.

Saying this he took up his rifle, and calling his man servant, Peter McQuade, who was lying asleep on the kitchen floor, he made him prepare to make a vigorous defense against their assailants.

"Faith an' I'll do that same thin," replied the boy to his camp.

Mrs. Carlyn begged of her husband to surrender at once and avoid bloodshed, but Roger Carlyn was a self-willed man, and he answered:

They were about moving off, when the bushes on the left of the valley were pushed aside, and Tennesaw stepped out into the moonlight.

They recognized the prophet at once, and Robert asked:

"Well, my good friend, what news?"

"Bad news—very bad news!" answered Tennesaw, with a shake of the head.

"Indeed! Of what nature?" Robert was very pale now.

"Roger Cartyon, his wife and daughter are prisoners in Fort Du Quesne, and Joucaire is searching the woods for you."

"What's to be done?" exclaimed the young man. "They must be rescued at once. I will go myself to Du Quesne and demand their release in the name of King George. They are his subjects. Joucaire dare not refuse to deliver them!"

"My young friend," said the prophet, calmly, "you do not know this man. He is not guided by any high sense of honor, or the rules of civilized warfare. He claims that your presence here is evidence sufficient to convict you as a spy; and if you are captured, that will be your doom."

Ashmore saw the force of this at once, and so he said, in a rather dejected way:

"What is to be done?"

"I will attempt their rescue," said the prophet.

"But you must not endanger your life, while I skulk out of danger," replied Robert. "I could not permit you to do that."

"But I have more right to do so—even than you!"

"Then I?"

"Yes; but I will tell you the story at another time. For the present we have weightier matters to look after."

"Can Allequippa do nothing for her friends?" asked the Queen.

"Nothing for the present," replied Tennesaw. "Even were you able to lead your whole tribe against the fort, it would be unavailing; I have learned that Forbes' army is at Broadford, on the Youghiogheny, and the Great Spirit will give him victory."

"If this is true, I will join my command, and, with the victorious army, enter Du Quesne and rescue Bella."

"That is the better plan," said the prophet. "The march from Broadford can only consume two or three days, and in the mean time I will see that no harm befalls the girl."

"You will not venture within the fort?" said Ashmore.

"Why not?" was the answer. "Tennesaw is a prophet. The Great Spirit will protect him!" Then, turning to Allequippa, he said:

"Let us go to the camp."

The trio parted there; the prophet and Allequippa taking the path leading into the ravine where their camp was situated, and Robert Ashmore turning off toward the Monongahela.

"I can not go up the river when Bella is in danger," he said, pausing, when he had gained an open space about one hundred yards from the river. "No; let the consequences be what they may, I will do no more."

These words had scarce escaped him, when there was a rustle in the long rank grass behind him, and before he could move a step, he was surrounded by a band of ten Indians, under command of De Villare.

Robert made an effort to draw his pistols, but ere he could do so, he was grasped from behind and pinioned tightly.

"We missed you last night," said De Villare, with a sneer, "but we have you tight and fast now."

"By what right, pray, am I thus seized?" demanded Ashmore, facing the speaker.

"The right that every Frenchman has to seize an English spy," was the answer.

An angry retort sprang to the young captive's lips, but realizing how useless argument would be, he shut his lips tightly, and suffered them to lead him off.

It was a long, wearisome road, and the morning was breaking in the east when the party reached the ramparts of the fort.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 156.)

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW; OR, The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"RED MAZEPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART
OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIGGING UP THE PAST.

KIDDER, naturally superstitious, like all men who trust to games of chance for their fortune, began to really ask himself if this wailed woman could possibly possess a knowledge of the future.

"Am I correct?" the fortune-teller demanded.

"Yes, that is exactly what I want to know; your guess is singularly correct," Kidder said, gracefully concealing his surprise.

"Do not try to break the bank; you will only lose your gold-dust!" the woman spoke decided.

Kidder looked annoyed.

The woman noticed the expression upon the face of the gambler in an instant.

"If you doubt my words, go and try your luck, and, if the wily celestials raise in your dust, perhaps then you'll believe that the fortune-teller can read the future."

"Well, Miss, I shall try before midnight whether your prediction be correct or not," Kidder retorted, with just a tinge of spite in his tone.

"Like the moth, you will fly into the light, even though the flame singe your wings," she said, in sarcasm.

"Oh, no; I'm more like the bat, in this case, whose wings flap out the light," Kidder answered, with a smile.

"You'll never break that bank!" the woman exclaimed. "The Chinamen know too much for that!"

"For ways that are dark," etc., hummed Kidder. "Oh, I don't fear. But, if you are correct, I shall be sorry. It will be a burning disgrace to the Bar if there's a Chinese monte bank which can't be broke by a decent white man."

"You are a scholar, are you not?" demanded the woman, suddenly.

Kidder was a little astonished at the question.

"Well, yes, I presume that I may be termed an educated man, if that is what you mean," the gambler replied.

"Call back to your memory the history of the intercourse of the Western nations with the so-called barbarians of the East—the sons of further Ind—the land of Prester John. In culling the East he has always beaten the West, and yielded only to the strong right arm of power. Here, amid these mountains, the story of the past will be repeated."

"I think I get your meaning," Kidder said, thoughtfully. "What the Johns win by the trick of cards, some desperado will wrest it from them by main force."

"Yes."

"Well, I believe that I have got all the information that I desire. If they break me tonight up the stream, I shall begin to believe that you are not a humbug, but a genuine prophet. How much?"

"Five dollars."

Kidder handed over the money.

"I'll see you in the morning, colonel; good evening, Miss," and Kidder departed.

"Hang me if the woman hasn't made quite an impression on me," he muttered, as he walked up the street. "I wouldn't have believed it possible." Then he examined his bag of gold.

"About a hundred dollars," he said, thoughtfully. "I'll go that on the Johns' bank just for greens," and he started up the stream toward the celestial settlement known as "the Chinese Camp."

The colonel and the wailed woman, left alone together, surveyed each other for a few moments in silence.

The old man was attempting to distinguish the woman's face beneath her thick veil, and she was contemplating him with a stern, yet sorrowful gaze.

"Can you read my thoughts as easily as you did his?" the colonel asked.

"You do not come to question concerning the future, but wish tidings of the past."

The old man started in amazement, exclaiming:

"You must be a witch, indeed!"

The thick veil concealed the look of scorn which came over her face.

"I am a fortune-teller," she said, her voice cold and metallic.

"Well, since you have guessed so truly concerning my errand to you, it is needless for me to question you. Go on and tell me what I wish to know."

"Twenty-five years ago your wife left you," Then the woman paused, as if to note the effects of her words.

An expression of pain came over his face, an expression of scornful joy shone in her dark eyes and curled the corners of her proud lips.

"Yes," the colonel said, after a very long pause, "go on; your knowledge is wonderful; I can not question its truth, although I may be astounded, and at a loss to guess from whence you have obtained it."

"The fortune-telling sisterhood generally refer anxious inquirers to the stars and talk vaguely about the mystic knowledge which a seventh daughter gives unto a seventh daughter, but I say nothing. I will not fool you in the jargon of my tribe, but merely say the knowledge is mine; you must own that it is correct, no matter what the source from whence I draw my inspiration. Now, then, question as to what you desire to know in regard to the woman who fled from you."

"Is she living?" the colonel asked, after a very long pause.

"No; she is dead."

A tone of sadness in the woman's voice touched a responsive chord in the old man's heart.

"Dead!" he repeated, and a single great tear rolled down the weather-beaten face. The memory of the only woman he had ever loved was still strong and fresh in the old soldier's heart. Forgotten now were all her faults—her fiery temper, rashness of action, her desperate flight from virtue and home; he only remembered that she had lain within his arms, that she was the mother of his child; the night of shame that had clouded her fair womanhood could not make him forget the glorious day of sunshine that had his being and its joy before the darkness came.

Trice Dick measured with his hand the rock in the rock; then, drawing in a good, long breath, he gave himself to the rapid current.

The water, forced into a channel smaller than its volume, was rushing onward like a mill-sluice. Small chance was there for thought, yet Dick realized as he was carried swiftly onward that he went either to freedom or to sudden death.

Ten seconds only was Dick Talbot beneath the surface of the stream, though it seemed to him like ten hours, when, like a great monster sporting with its prey, it vomited him forth into the daylight through the mountain's side.

Talbot gained the bank of the little pool into which the stream flowed after it gushed out from the mountain's side; then it flowed off down over the rocks and through the pines, breaking up into two streams, each one of which cuts its way in time to the Wisdom river.

Talbot, as he sat upon a rock in the clear, cold moonlight, was not an object calculated to excite envy, although he would have undoubtedly attracted much attention, even from the roughly-attired citizens of the Humbug valley.

His drenched clothes were tattered and torn, his head and hands were torn and bleeding from contact with the rocks.

"Well, this is a nice pickle," Talbot exclaimed, as he surveyed himself. He was shivering, too, for the spring was not far advanced, and the night-winds which blew over the snow-clad peaks of the rocky range were tempered with the chill of the mountain's top.

"I wonder where I am, anyway?" he queried, as he looked around him. The surroundings were not familiar. "Perhaps I have come out on the north side of the mountain? That is hardly possible, though, for the distance I have come underneath the rock was not enough to carry me to the other side of the divide." These streams must flow into the Wisdom then. By following one of them to the river I can reach the valley, for I am not below the Bar, I am certain."

Then came a sound to Talbot's ears which shocked him from the rock upon which he sat, as though the stone had suddenly become red-hot.

The noise came from the mountain side, and from human throats. The sound of men's voices gave Talbot more alarm than if he had heard the hiss of a rattlesnake, or the screams of an angry panther crouched for its deadly spring.

He realized at once that the men from whom he had so recently escaped, the desperate road-agents, were near at hand.

To fly with noiseless speed to the cover of the nearest pines was Talbot's instant movement, then he crouched to the ground, and hid behind the shadows, he watched.

"I can not understand it!" the colonel exclaimed, suddenly, raising his head. "I saw a young man to-day who was the living image of the unfortunate woman who in one mad hour wrecked two lives."

"John Rimee," said the fortune-teller, in a low, distinct voice.

The colonel started. "By heaven, you must be a child—my baby girl?" the colonel asked, with eager, trembling lips.

"Who would protect the child, the mother gone?" the woman asked, angrily.

"She is dead, too?" and for a moment the colonel buried his head in his hands. The woman surveyed him with a cold and haughty smile.

"I can not understand it!" the colonel exclaimed, as he surveyed himself. "Perhaps I have come out on the north side of the mountain? That is hardly possible, though, for the distance I have come underneath the rock was not enough to carry me to the other side of the divide." These streams must flow into the Wisdom then. By following one of them to the river I can reach the valley, for I am not below the Bar, I am certain."

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THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

7

hands in agony. Then he plunged after him, first giving a second warning cry.

Caleb Starling had half lost consciousness, and was in that dreamy state when the worst of death is over, when he felt the powerful clutch of Bill Arden upon him, and they rose together to the surface. Holding him by the hair, at arm's length, Bill shouted again, and saw the ship come slowly to the wind, while a line of heads was seen along the rail. A rope was thrown to him, and after making the mate fast to it, he swam to the chains, and was on deck almost as soon as the half-drowned man.

Starling was not a bad man, but a long life as an officer of a whaler had hardened him. As he came back to life, his first question was, "Who saved me?"

"Bill Arden," replied one of the men.

Starling rose feebly and staggered to the place where Bill stood, still dripping from his bath.

"I've saved you badly, Bill," he said, "and have taken a noble revenge. Will you forgive me?"

They shook hands then and there. We had a lucky voyage, and when we came out again, Starling was captain, and a better officer from that fearful hour, as mate and captain, never sailed from any port. And when Bill Arden was killed by a whale, off the Greenland coast, Captain Starling was the man who placed his family beyond the chance of want.

So much for "Bill Arden's Revenge."

Cat and Tiger:

THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HEARTS, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

THERE once lived in the city of London, Carline commanded, "a very wealthy merchant, whose name was Waldorf Cercy. He was a man of violent passions, yet who, when he loved, could love as few men can. He was a bachelor; and, at the time of which I speak, had taken a young and beautiful girl from a home of poverty and made her his housekeeper.

Her name was Lona. After awhile he came to love this girl; and, finally, he married her. She appeared to make him a good wife, and they lived very happily together.

But, this seeming happiness was not to last. Lona had had a lover before she became the wife of Waldorf Cercy; and this love was not quenched at the time she married her benefactor—nor was it ever buried.

By her he had a son. When this son was two years old, Waldorf discovered certain things that made him doubt his wife's constancy; one of which was a letter signed "Clayford." There

"No," said Carline, slowly: "I promised my mother, when she died, that I would retain it as long as I lived, and give it to my eldest child, who should do the same. It was an unkind request; but I gave my promise, and, come what may, I shall keep it."

Then do not let it disturb you. Forget what happened this morning—and fear nothing."

But, even as Wart Gomez spoke the encouraging words, there came a loud knock at the door.

He was first to recover from the start of surprise this unexpected summons caused, and arose to see who the comer was.

A man stood upon the threshold—a figure dressed in black, and who wore a mask of like color.

"Who are you?" demanded Gomez.

"Your enemy!" was hissed in reply.

"Ifa! I know you, Cor!"

Then fight to save yourself, coward!" and with the words, the masked man sprung forward, a knife-blade gleaming in his hand,

The two closed in a deadly struggle, and backward and forward they went, overturning the chairs and tearing the carpet as they fought;

for Gomez, though unarmed, proved himself a formidable adversary.

Zetta stood like one petrified; then uttering a cry, fainted away, while the child clung to her, screaming.

Carline's face was very white; but she was herself. She grasped up a heavy cane that stood in one corner, and bounded to the aid of her husband.

The cane twirled in the air, over the panting combatants—then descended, inflicting a ghastly wound on the head of the assassin—as seen, because the blow was struck, Wart Gomez uttered a piercing shriek and sunk, lifeless, to the floor.

The wearer of the mask, enraged to madness by the wound from the cane, next struck at Carline with his red knife.

"How beautiful! Thank you, Pedro."

Helene Cercy was not wrong when she informed the gardener what would be the effect produced in the one who should smell of the poisoned rose.

"I have but done my best to please, Mistress Florose. I think I have earned my pay; but I seek no praise," with another bow, very low and very humble.

"You have made a little Paradise for us. So, you must receive thanks, as well as money; and especially from me—for oh! I do love to see the roses blooming gaudily!"

"Will you accept this from me?" he asked.

"I am only a poor gardener, yet I love my labor, and I sometimes see good things in its fruits. It is this."

He held the rose toward her, and bowed again.

"How beautiful! Thank you, Pedro."

Helene Cercy was not wrong when she informed the gardener what would be the effect produced in the one who should smell of the poisoned rose.

Wart Gomez received his offering, she immediately raised it to her pretty face, and inhaled the perfume of the deep-dyed petals.

Pedro, who watched her, saw her start and glance at him, as if in surprise from some cause.

"Why, Pedro, what a strange fragrance!

"Pedro! But I am not Cortez Mendoza!" he lowered the masked man.

At the same time, ere she could bring down the cane that was poised above her, she was struck by a huge, merciless fist.

He grasped her up in his arms and fled from the house by the back way. Zetta had recovered from her swoon; she was at the door, and:

"Help! Help! Help!" was shrieked on the stillness of the night, in piercing accents.

The alarm spread quickly.

In a brief space, an angry crowd was in hot pursuit of the murderer.

They pressed him closely. He was compelled to drop his burden, which he did, exclaiming, with a curse:

"Devil take it! I have made a batch of this. I hope I have not killed her, too. Now then, whoops, come on!"

Relieved of his impediment, he soon eluded those who pursued him.

The house of Wart Gomez was closed and gloomy.

A week had passed. Gomez had been buried; and Zetta, the maid, with Zuelo, the child, were the sole occupants of the dwelling.

Carline had disappeared.

Much of the excitement that ensued upon the bold, yet fiendish deed, had subsided; but the authorities were vigilant, and their detectives were hard at work trying to ferret out the murderer.

Zetta, the maid, had fainted ere she had time to imagine who it was with whom her master struggled, and she had not heard her mistress cry out the words of recognition, when she disputed the assassin's progress on the stairway; else her evidence might, or might not, have let loose the sleuth-hounds of the law on the right.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORK OF THE DEADLY ROSE.

sions he meant to fulfill his promise to the beautiful fiend who had agreed to give him three thousand dollars for administering the poison through the deadly rose.

But with all his watchfulness, the desired opportunity had not yet presented itself.

Florose had wandered there, near him, many times; but she was never alone—either her father or some visitor being her companion.

It was now the last day of the week in which he had sworn to perform the fearful task—three days after the tragedy at the house of his son and enemy—which, we neglected to state definitely, was situated at a point quite near the New Orleans and Carrollton railroad. And he began to fear that he would not be able to do what he had promised in the time specified.

Besides being the last day, one-half of that day was gone; for he and the men under him were working, at this moment, after their noon rest.

"Satan is sporting with me!" he would growl, as he plied his spade and glanced anon toward the house. "Here it is a week since I made my bargain, and I have done nothing. The time is up, and I shall lose my three thousand golden dollars! And my beautiful new mistress! By the devil! I shall lose her, too! And I shall still be Pedro Gomez, the poor gardener—instead of Gomez, the gentleman, and the husband of the devil-of-an-angel! Too bad! How hard I work! That contract which, after fifteen years, would give her to me for a wife!—what a pity! Tut! tut! I am mad when I think of the good luck slipping through? O-h-o!"

As Pedro soliloquized thus regretfully, he stopped short, opened his eyes, and looked steadfast toward a clump of tall shrubs.

It was a shady, perfumed bower his own hands had wrought, with a large, easy, reclining seat; and on this seat, reading a book, was Florose Earncliffe—a picture of beauty in a peaceful precinct.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "she is here at last! Now, how did she get there without my seeing her? and when did she come? No matter: since she is there, that is the story of a possible serpent in the garden.

And, though he did not know it, Pedro Gomez was under detective surveillance within two hours after the tragedy—the result of a visit paid by the doctor to the Chief of Police, when he freely expressed his belief that Florose Earncliffe had come to her death through a conspiracy, by which poison was administered.

"Well? Well?" he panted, grasping the physician's arm. "Tell me—tell me the worst!"

"She is dead," was the sad, hesitating answer.

"Dead? Oh, Heaven!"

Elson Earncliffe, in his declining years, had made his only child, Florose, the pet, the idol of his fondest hopes. This shock cut like a dagger-thrust to his heart.

As he cried out these words, he sunk to the floor, as if he had been shot.

He never spoke again. Helene Cercy, the beautiful fiend, and Pedro Gomez, her tool, had apparently two deaths to answer for at the great tribunal of judgment.

But the physician had examined the wound on the wrist. He had heard the story of the serpent, which Pedro inaugurated. He knew that the puncture was not the consequence of a bite or a sting, but did perceive that it was inflicted with a sharp instrument of some kind.

But the physician had examined the wound on the wrist. He had heard the story of the serpent, which Pedro inaugurated. He knew that the puncture was not the consequence of a bite or a sting, but did perceive that it was inflicted with a sharp instrument of some kind.

He was quick to suspect. He suspected foul play. His suspicion turned upon Pedro Gomez, the one who had first been seen with Florose, who was most loud in his lamentations, and who was rather over-persistent in telling the story of a possible serpent in the garden.

And, though he did not know it, Pedro Gomez was under detective surveillance within two hours after the tragedy—the result of a visit paid by the doctor to the Chief of Police, when he freely expressed his belief that Florose Earncliffe had come to her death through a conspiracy, by which poison was administered.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRAP SET.

HELENE CERCY could love, and she could hate—qualities inherited, it will be seen, from her grandfather, Waldorf Cercy.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day after the death of her rival and victim, Florose Earncliffe, being one week subsequent to the murder of Wart Gomez.

As she had told Pedro she would, she heard of the calamity, soon after its happening, without his apprising her.

And we find her, twice beautiful in the flush of her wicked triumph, walking to and fro in the room, where she had bargained with the gardener for the performance of the fiendish deed that was to put out a young life in the very vigor of great years, and deprive a doting parent of the sole earthly idol of his affection.

Society had been overwhelmed by the suddenness of this singular death; strange surprises were whispered among the grave and suspicious. But, Helene Cercy, the heartless instigator of the foul crime that had been committed, felt secure in her guilt, and inwardly laughed while her voice arose with others in surprise and regret.

Within the hour, she had returned from the graves of father and child; she had not yet cast aside the rich suit of black which she wore to further display her hypocritical grief. But, with crimsoned face, excited breath, and lustreous eyes burning in their glance, she smiled, she laughed, she exclaimed:

"Aha! Aha! It is all over now! Sleep peacefully, Florose, my pretty rival. Heaven is not half sounkind as this world, even in moments of greatest happiness. You brought the weapon of my hate to bear upon you; though poor thing! You little dreamed how Helene Cercy suffered in your victories, nor that she meant you ill. Once—" and her tone sunk low, as she paused and gazed thoughtfully down at the carpet, "my heart fluttered; I wavered in what I had planned, and thought—a foolish thought!—of recalling Pedro Gomez to tell him to desist. It was my purer nature, then—pooh! You stood between Dwyer Allison and me; that was sufficient. Now he is free. He must be mine! He must! Perhaps it will not be so difficult to win him, after all."

She went to the desk and began to write.

In a few moments she had penned a note as follows:

"LXR of hope! \$200 for a love-powder. Send this evening at 8 precisely."

Then she wrote, on another sheet:

"MR. DWYER ALLISON:

"I extend to you my sympathies in this sad sorrow. But, I feel with others, that we have lost one who was dear to us, and her, and whose absence forever from our now growing circle will always be realized as a deprivation of what was more than loved. I would speak with you. I have a matter of importance to communicate. Will you please call to-morrow evening at 8:30?"

"Aha! Aha! It is all over now! Sleep peacefully, Florose, my pretty rival. Heaven is not half sounkind as this world, even in moments of greatest happiness. You brought the weapon of my hate to bear upon you; though poor thing! You little dreamed how Helene Cercy suffered in your victories, nor that she meant you ill. Once—" and her tone sunk low, as she paused and gazed thoughtfully down at the carpet, "my heart fluttered; I wavered in what I had planned, and thought—a foolish thought!—of recalling Pedro Gomez to tell him to desist. It was my purer nature, then—pooh! You stood between Dwyer Allison and me; that was sufficient. Now he is free. He must be mine! He must! Perhaps it will not be so difficult to win him, after all."

She went to the desk and began to write.

"Ola, you know where to find the shop of Mendoza, the Quack?"

"Yes, my lady."

"On Willow street. Here is a note I wish you to deliver to him."

As she received the note, the maid was wondering:

"Ola, you know where to find the shop of Mendoza, the Quack?"

"Yes, my lady."

"On Willow street. Here is a note I wish you to deliver to him."

As she received the note, the maid was wondering:

"Pedro!—that rose is poisoned! You—you did."

Quick as a flash, he snatched up the fatal thing, and, following the instructions of his friend mistress, held it close to the nostrils of the young girl, while he supported her sinking form.

"Pedro!" The voice was scarce louder than a startled whisper.

"Ho, ho! There! Reno! Diaz! Help!—help! Ho!" and, while he called for assistance, he crushed the tell-tale rose beneath the heel of his boot.

The people dropped their spades and came running.

"Mistress Florose has been stung by a serpent!" he exclaimed, affecting much excitement.

"Help me with her!"

Quick as a flash, he snatched up the fatal thing, and, following the instructions of his friend mistress, held it close to the nostrils of the young girl, while he supported her sinking form.

"Pedro!—that rose is poisoned! You—you did."

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A SPRING LAY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

When tender Spring returns again,
And joys on every hand beset me,
I love to wander through the woods—
Whene'er my choicest corn will let me.

I love to see the bright buds burst
And mark how fast the leaves are growing,
When all the blossoms on the trees
Are, somewhat like my neighbor, blowing.

I love to chase the painted frog
That in the sunshine's golden hour
Disports its bright and gaudy wings,
And gathers sweets from every flower.

How sweet to watch the humming top
From rose to rose its bright way winging!
How sweet from every limb to hear
The joyous lark whose song is singing!

Duroc started at the name and message.

"Show him up," he said, hurriedly.

In a few moments a youth of less than twenty, with a striking likeness to Coralie, entered the room, declined by a sign the proffered seat, and dashed headlong into his business, with all the impetuosity of a French creole.

"Monsieur, I am the unhappy brother of Coralie Franchere, and have come to tell you she has died."

"Dying?" Duroc felt an icy thrill run through his heart.

"Yes, monsieur, dying, and it is all my fault. Listen. Three years ago, I killed a fellow student in a quarrel in a heat of passion, and fearing the law, fled to the woods to hide. My beloved sister, Coralie, was the only person who knew of my retreat, and she it was who brought me food and money and helped me to escape. Fearing to be tracked if she went to the same place too often, she used to hide the supplies at different spots daily, but always left a letter with information in the hollow tree, where you saw her hide it. That day, monsieur, I saw you, and hid, trembling lest you should find and read the letter. But you did not touch it. I thanked God, and opened it. It contained money and the means for flight. So that I left the country. You need not wonder that my name was never mentioned at home. Coralie was my only friend. The rest believed me guilty of murder, and were only glad I had fled to escape the disgrace of a public trial. Six months ago, monsieur, I met one of the men

who had fondly hoped to add to his collection had escaped him for the time.

With much vexation, the youth sat down to rest, for he was tired with his long tramp, and melting with the intense heat. Around him the solemn cypresses and live-oaks, draped with moss, stood silent as if carved in stone, for not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness, and the quivering air was simmering with heat.

So that it was no wonder that Louis Duroc, tired out with his tramp, felt drowsy and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was late in the afternoon, and a breeze had sprung up. The birds were singing once more in the branches, and again he recognized the note of the one he was seeking!

Starting hastily up and rubbing his eyes, he heard a rapid step approaching through the forest, and sank down again behind the tree, with a vague notion of seeing who it was, himself unseen.

The fluttering robes of a female coming through the forest rewarded his gaze, and he beheld a young girl, a dark creole beauty, with hair and eyes of intense blackness, coming toward him.

"Sacré!" muttered Duroc, "yonder's a pretty creature. But what does she want alone in the woods?"

As if to answer the question, the girl stopped under a splendid magnolia tree, and raised her hand, holding something white, which she deposited in a little hollow near one of the lower boughs, which might have escaped the eye of any one else. Then she stood there a moment, the afternoon sun shining on her white robes and fluttering mantle, and Duroc saw her look at her watch, with an air of vexation.

"He is late, he is late," she said aloud. "Oh, why does he tarry?"

"Parbleu! he has bad taste," muttered Duroc. "I would were he, mademoiselle. I would not tarry so long."

Then he saw the girl withdraw her hand and give one long, searching, lingering look all round. She sighed deeply.

"Alas, why am I doomed to love by stealth," she said. "I can not even wait, for I shall be missed. Farewell, dearest Louis, and God keep you from danger to-night."

Duroc saw her turn away and depart toward the distant town, and stole gently after her, for he was a Frenchman, and loved intrigue. But for all that he lost sight of her.

The violins were rising in the sweet, exultant strains of a delicious waltz, and the spacious ball-rooms of Madame Macquard were crowded with the beauty and fashion of New Orleans.

The hostess was in the act of introducing a newly-arrived gentleman to a pretty partner, when the gentleman started slightly, and his eyes, with inconceivable inattention, wandered from the lady in question to another sitting beside her.

Then he recovered himself, stammered an apology, and Louis Duroc led out Mademoiselle Angélique Franchere to the waltz he had solicited. But even while he was waltzing and chatting with the fair Angélique, his eyes never ceased to turn to the other at intervals, for Louis Duroc beheld once more the mysterious unknown of the forest that he had seen six months before, and never since.

Before the evening was out, he managed to get an introduction to her, and found himself, despite what he had seen long ago, desperately in love with Coralie Franchere, who, on her part, seemed by no means loth to encourage the handsome young planter. He called next day, and again, and again, and before long was regarded as the accepted suitor of Coralie; and yet not a word had he heard from any of the family that the young lady had ever been entangled before in the meshes of love.

So that Louis was puzzled, and, in an evil hour, resolved to ask.

"And so you will not tell me, Coralie of my heart, to whom you wrote that letter?"

"I will not, Louis. You have no right to ask."

"Not as your betrothed lover?"

"Not even then. You know I love you, and no other."

"I am not so sure of that. You spoke differently when I overheard you in the forest."

Coralie did not blush. She turned pale, and her eyes flashed.

"Then you were eavesdropping, monsieur, and have no right to ask."

"Be it so. I may be foolish and jealous, Coralie, but I know this—I love you too well to share your love with another, whoever he may be. When you tell me, I will believe you. Till you do, we are strangers. I might have opened the letter, and you be no wiser. I was a gentleman, and am still too proud to accept half a heart. Farewell."

"Farewell, monsieur!"

And Duroc was gone, while Coralie buried her face in her hands and murmured, amid her sobs:

"Oh, Louis, Louis, what have I not given up to save you from danger? He will never come back."

Two years had passed away, and Louis Duroc, also gloomy and reserved, remembering the many charms of Coralie, and the mysterious way in which he had first met her, was sitting alone by the fire in his dreary bachelor chambers in New York, listening to the winter storm without, and wondering whether he had not done foolishly in quarreling with Coralie. Buried in gloomy thought, he was startled by the entrance of his servant, who handed him a card bearing the name, "LOUIS FRANCHERE."

"The gentleman wishes to see monsieur, or a matter of importance."

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dered gaze. The air was heavy with delicious odors; a mellow harmony puls'd from under the sweep of skilled fingers; the sheen of silks and gleam of jewels flashed back the glittering lights; fair women and brave men were on every side, and identifying each with some name long familiar through established reputation, it is little wonder that Aline's heart beat faster, and she fairly held her breath in awe at the unaccustomed grandeur and justly-famed company.

Herrindon looked down at her with a smile. She was a tall, slim girl with a thin pale face, relieved from actual plainness by her large, wistful dark eyes, and dewy scarlet lips. Now there was a flame of wavering color in her cheeks and an unwonted luster in her eyes which made her very fair to look upon.

"If she would always look like that, I'd not regret my sacrifice, by Jove," thought Herrindon.

He had never quite reconciled himself to the necessity which had fettered him by the vows of a betrothal to this girl by his side.

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